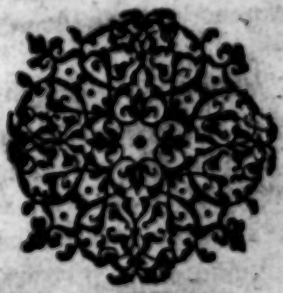
# SAINT Peters Teares.

Supposedly written vpon his weeping sorrowes for denying his Maister CHRIST.



LONDON
Printed for *William Iones*, and are to be solde at his shoppe neare Holburne Conduict, at the signe of the Gunne.
1602.

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1602.

# An Intraduction to Saint Peters Teares.

IMaginarie Muſes get you gone,
And you of Ideas idle companie,
That place, your Paradice in Cetheron:
And call vpon the Nimphes of Theſſalie:
Reſtraine your haughtie metaphoricke lines;
For reuerent Truth you glory vndermines.

The Throne of Heauen is her holy hill,
Whence flowes the ſpring of Sauing-health:
In ſtead of Birdes, Archangels ſing her will.
The Temple is her loue, and Peace her wealth.
O ſacred ſweete, and ſweeteſt ſacred ſubſtance,
Vnlooſe the Springes of Peters poore Repentance.

And thou O holy Ghoſt and ſacred Spirit,
Faire milke-white Doue, vnto the meekeſt Lambe:
The miniſter of heauen, the Lord of merit,
The gladdeſt meſſenger that euer came.
Inſuſe thy grace ſo ſweetly in mine eares,
That I may truely write Saint Peters Teares.

FINIS.

# An Introduction to Saint Peters Teares.

Imaginarie Muses get you gone,
And you of Ideas idle companie,
That place, your Paradise in Cedrion:
And call upon the Nimphes of Thedalie:
Refraine your haughtie metaphoricke lines:
For reverent Truth your glory undermines.

The Throne of Heaven is her holy hill,
Whence flowes the spring of Saving-healthe:
In stead of Birdes, Archangels sing her will,
The Temple is her love and Peace her wealth.
O sacred sweete, and sweetest sacred-substance,
Vnloose the Springes of Peters poore Repentance.

And thou O holy Ghost and sacred Spirit,
Faire milke white Dove, unto the meeke st Lambe:
The minister of heaven, the Lord of merit,
The gladdest messenger that ever came.
Infuse thy grace so sweetly in mine eares,
That I may truely write Saint Peters Teares.

FINIS.

# Saint Peters Teares.

O Splendant morne, like day of resurrection,
that summons fro the graue of hesy sleepe
Be witnesse that I craue a true direction,
that in the house of God my soule may keep
But if sinne stay me from that sacred state,
Permit, sweete Lord, I stand but at the gate.

Come Handes, the obseruers of my Harts complayning,
knocke at my melting bosome with your languish:
Awake my Sighes to rew my heauie payning,
and with my mortall knell declare such language,
That when the Lord shall looke but from on hie,
He may beholde my soule is like to thie.

Sathan desired to sift, and thou to saue mee:
then turne that louing kindnesse backe againe:
Then shall I be assured that thou wilt haue mee.
Come tell my Teares that trickle downe like raine,
Oh were the Cocke to crow, I would not faine,
But die with thee, and not deny thy name.

# S. Peters Teares.

Oh when I saw thy piercing eyes looke backe,
The wonders of my least mistrusfull hart:
My tossed Soule did suffer such a wreake,
That flawes and gastes did rent my Soule apart,
And then such stormes of Teares began to rise,
As open first the sludgates of mine eyes.

I did not onely say, I knew thee not,
But (Lord) I did forsweare thy blessed name:
Which is vnto my Conscience such a blot,
That in my forehead standes an endles staine.
O coward Seruant, wast aduaunst so hie,
And yet thy louing Maister didst denie.

*Pilate* did wash his handes, as free from blood.
*Iudas* restord the Pence, and did repent him:
Both they within thy sight condemned stood.
Oh *Peter*, then what booteth thy repenting?
Yes, yes, when I had sinned, I went and wept,
And that, as Sacrifice thou didst accept.

*FINIS.*

COme night, the sable garment of a sinner
Which euery pure repentant hart puts on:

# S. Peters Teares.

Of true contrition thou wast first beginner,
thy meekenes is apparrell fit to mourne,
Thou art a secret Chamber to the wise,
Where they may sweetly wet their burnish eyes.

Heere is no prospect to betray the Soule,
or to seduce the Minde of him that prayes:
Now vaine-Corruption needes not to controule,
or fling into our sinnes secure delayes.
Downe knees, vp hands, weepe eyes, speake careful toung,
Tis dangerous byte deferre too long.

O glorious Starres, mee thinkes you are his eyes,
that staind with pitie to behold my paine:
All things are his that burnish thus the skyes,
his matchlesse selfe amongst them doth remaine.
O then but looke on *Peters* Lamentations,
As thou dooſt note the wickednesse of nations.

If I but sleepe, I dreame of thy Diuinenesse,
O let mee sleepe, and neuer wake againe:
For once awake, such is our sinfull blindnesse,
wee cannot see the pureues of the same.
Or els dissolue mee, I may euer dwell
To view that beautie which no toung can tell.

Or let mee els suppose I see the same:
Mee thinkes in Soule I see thy cheerefull Grace:

As if thou saydst, sad *Peter* neuer refraine,
I haue beheld thy teare bedewed face:
O Sauiour might I haue such comfort still,
Ile haue no other fancies by my will.

Soft, *Peter*, thou hast many Teares to shed,
thou art too bolde to challenge mercie yet,
Till thou art sure thy sinfull soule is fled:
morne, noone, and night thine eyes must still be wet;
Then when remorse hath drawne thy Fountaine dry,
Thy God hath heard thy pitie mouing cry.

*FINIS.*

SEE *sweete Messias*, see thy Seruants eyes,
whom thou commandedst once to feed thy flocke:
So bleared with the stormes of teares that rise,
and sighes which at my vexed conscience knocke.
That Sathan would be moou'd to pittie mee,
That weepe so deepely for denying thee.

Weepe, *Peter*, weepe, as fast as blood did spring,
from foorth the gastly wound of Iesus side:
And with thy moyste repent wet euery thing,
that by thy kneeling passion doth abide.
And for the Nayles that in thy handes were driuen,
Sticke sorrow in thy heart that may be riuen,

False

# S. Peters Teares.

False Hart, why didst thou make my Toung to speake,
and tempt it to deny my Sauiour so:
With penitence I doo commaund thee breake:
and Toung thou must pronounce thy selfe a woe.
But that thou knowest when *Adam* eate the fruite:
Thy God was wrath because he found him mute.

But since thou woundest him that wounded vs,
and tread vpon the Serpents spightfull head:
Thy force that fiendfull malice did discusse,
and all thy Saintes vpon that ioy haue fed.
If for thy Saints such grace thou hast regained,
I am a Saint though sinne hath made me stained.

If not, then bring me to the pit of hell,
where I may see the merits of my sinne:
And let me in infernall darknes dwell,
and yet I know thou wilt not let me in.
Thy mercy is so kind, thy loue so sweete,
That Indgement comes, and kisses Mercies feete.

When shall I then approach thy heauenly sight?
When shall I heare thee speake with gentle voyce?
Then shall thy Iustice do me more then right,
then shalt thou make my dulled hart reioyce.
Say that thou wilt but heare me, though I stay.
I care not if I neuer cease to pray.

*FINIS.*

# S. Peters Teares.

O Hearken Lord, mine eyes complaine to thee,
and tels me that my Soule doth seeke dispaire:
Cloudes of ill comforts so incompasse mee,
that they do gush out their tempestuous care:
One sun-shine therefore of thy mercy showe,
My hart may turne from that dispairefull woe.

These lights like Comets shew my sad distresse,
and blase my soules misfortune for my sinne:
Hell ∴ the most, (then hell there is no lesse)
if once to fayle thy sacred grace begin:
O *Peter*, first fall flat vpon thy face,
And neuer rise, before thou lose that grace.

See how my sorrow swimmeth aboue my teares,
in danger to be drencht in Sathans sea:
Blow foorth thy mercie for my spirit feares,
no word but thine can make these waues obay.
Lende me thy hand, as once thou thoughtst no scorne,
When *Peter* was in danger of a storme.

Looke ruthfull on the shypwracke of my hart,
where not a tackling nor a string is left:

The

# S. Peters Teares.

The Cabbins and the Maſt, a ſunder part,
and ſorrow hath my hapleſſe Veſſell cleft:
Conduct mee to the Hauen of my reſt,
where I may eaſe my ouer burthened breſt.

This Sea of miſchiefe hath ſuch Mermaydes ſonges,
that chaunt it like the world to witch my minde:
And to my bottome ſuch huge monſters thronges,
that ſeeme to my beholding ſo vnkinde.
That I do feare ſome Whale will ſwallow mee,
Like *Ionas* lot, becauſe he fled from thee.

But yet ſweete Lord, Ile be inceſſant ſtill,
Mine exclamations ſhall diſturbe thine eares:
Ile get me to ſome Mountaine or ſome Hill,
and deaw the barren dryneſſe with my Teares.
So that to haue theſe troubles ouerpaſt,
Thou wilt heare me, and ayde me at the laſt.

*FINIS.*

SIcke is my heauie Soule, and gaſpes for breath,
for which, mine Eyes put vp petition:
Thou wilt not giue it ouer vnto death,
But graunt thy ſeruant *Peter* ſweete remiſſion.

Then shall I raise me from my weary couche,
And still thy prayse with prayers and Teares auouche.

O Lord, regard my poore submissiue minde,
that bends it selfe when others bow their knees:
Yet oft their hearts to wonder thou doest finde,
behold, Ile bend when none but *Iesus* sees.
And like that *Mary*, wash thy feete with Teares:
Who after dry'de them with her golden haires.

I make no glorious shewe now I do pray,
I blow no trumpets with the *Publicanes*:
But secretly my secret thoughts bewray,
least ostentation bred my open shame.
Ile neuer weepe but vnto thee alone.
For none but thou, can'st help poore *Peters* mone.

Sweet *Beth-lamite*, thou deerest sonne of God,
view thy Apostles silly hearts distresse:
See how I quake when thou dost shake thy rod,
and yet how hope doth lend me sweete release.
Then wilt thou say sweet Lord as I do now:
That true repentance maketh *Peter* bow.

Beholde my wasted eyes with weeping, looke
like Bladders wet, and parch'd against the fire:
I cannot longer view my moystned booke,
but out of order aske my free desire.

But

But thou regardeſt the Hart, and not the Toung,
For too much babling, doth our Prayers wrong.

Faire Vine, thou bleedeſt aboundance for my ſinne,
ripe Grape of life, let me but taſte the ſweete:
That I may haue my Soule refreſhed within,
or let me ſhade me, if thou thinke it meete:
How can the brandes of Hell once ſcortch my head,
If by that Vine my life be ouerſpred.

*FINIS.*

O Lord thou haſt pronounced woe to thoſe,
that early riſe to ſutfee and to ſinne:
When I do lift me from my nights repoſe,
like to the morning deaw my teares begin:
And then mee thinkes I well haue broke my faſt,
When as my ſhore of teares is ouerpaſt.

My Table is thy holy Teſtament,
my meate the ſentence of ſaluation:
Which ſweete Preſerues, Diſpaire do quite preuent,
and feed my Soule with Contemplation.
He cannot ſurfet, that taſteth ſtill on this,
Nor be diſtempered with ſo ſweete a diſh.

# S. Peters Teares.

My company at this my reuerend feast,
are purged thoughts from all impuritie:
My Hall a place where sinne aboundeth least,
amongst my guests is free immunitie.
My Mirth is singing Hymmes vnto that name,
All knees must bend at, when they heare the same.

When I haue giuen due sacrifice of prayse,
then vp I rise, and to thy Temple goe:
There do I seeke out thy diuinest wayes,
and walke where thou the seedes of loue doost sowe.
That fruite I taste of, which doth make my hart
Beare chearefull musicke in the highest part.

Therefore doe I view thy rare and wondrous deedes,
and thinke how dearely thou redemedst man:
Oh then poore hart how suddenly it bleedes,
as from a sluce or conduct, streames haue run.
Then cry I Lord come helpe me from the ground,
Or I shall dye of this continuall wound.

But when mine eyes do spie this sodaine smart,
they run as fast as blood did from my breast:
In pittie of my poore tormented hart,
when sinne doth wound with troublesome vnrest.
Thus Teares and Blood commixed both in one,
Are witnesses of *Peters* greeuous mone,

*FINIS.*

As

# S. Peters Teares.

AS comes a cracke of thunder ere it raine,
so now my sighes do volly out my griefe:
Then throbs do cease, and teares fall downe amaine,
do wet the ground, but bring it no relicfe.
And as an Earthquake tosseth trees and plantes:
So are my Vaines vntill my body faintes.

Like beaten Rockes my Bones do weare within,
and make my flesh to tremble with the noyse:
That withered, pale, and wan, doth looke my skin,
and hoarse with crying is my feeble voyce.
O Sauiour Christ, if thou wilt helpe, helpe now,
And let not *Peter* breake, although he bow.

O write my Teares within thy Booke of life,
the register of thy elected flocke:
The place where mercy and compassion is rife,
which opens when thy iudgement strikes the clocke.
And then, because thy volume shall be full,
Ile weepe, till all my senses shall be dull.

Come, seeke the wandring Sheepe, and finde me out,
oft hast thou found, thou didst delight in that:

I am

# S. Peters Teares.

I am not loſt, though led into a doubt,
I feare the place whereas the Woolfe hath ſet.
Sathan is the Woolfe that ſeekes to keepe me backe:
O let not one of *Iſrael* goe to wracke.

I looke to heauen with teares about mine eyes,
ſee the Skye red, and thinke vpon the blood:
Anon comes darknes, and that the brightnes flyes,
that looketh like the iudgement of the world.
Vaniſh I crye, O let me ſee it bright,
Thy precious blood did firſt bring *Peter* light.

That light ſhall be the guidance of my feete,
To lead me through the gates of ſtedfaſt hope:
Where I ſhall finde thy promiſe neuer fleete,
and of thy grace ſo large and wide a ſcope,
That I may walke and weepe a little while,
And afterward haue greater ioy to ſmile.

*FINIS.*

COme, come, you ſlacke performers of repentance,
negligent eyes, tis long ſince you haue wept:
Let my offence be ſtill in your remembrance,
So ſhall your following courſe of teares be kept.

For

For though the raging Sea ſometimes ebs low:
Yet after comes a huge and loftie flow.

And now againe I will begin to pray:
Forgiue me Lord my ſecret hidden ſinnes,
Such as the ſoothing fleſh would hide away,
becauſe more pleaſure that corruption wins.
But he that feeles his conſcience free from crime,
Makes way to get his ſpirituall reſt in time.

Forgiue me likewiſe ſuch rebellious thoughts,
that moou'd a ſecret grudge againſt my ſoule:
All mallice which a carnall motion fraughts,
and like a Serpent doth his enuie roule.
And laſt of all, that ſinne which is not leaſt,
For which, my weeping neuer will be ceaſt.

Powre out the oyle of Comfort in my wound,
as thou didſt, like the good Samaritan:
Binde vp thoſe gaſhes which thy mercies found,
then ſhall my life refreſh where death began.
Or otherwiſe, for want of ſpeedy ayde,
Thy Seruant dyes, that hath thee meekly prayde.

When waſt thou woont to ſtand ſo farre aloofe?
How ſuddenly haſt thou conuerted *Paul?*
O doe as much in *Peters* poore behoofe:
Forget my treaſon in the iudgement hall.

Let it ſuffice, that thou couldſt tell before,
The iuſteſt cannot ſtand without thy power.

Meane ſpace, Ile tell thy name throughout the earth,
that misbeleeuers ſhall repent with me:
Thy worthy prayſes ſhall not ſuffer death,
but Turkes and Infidels ſhall truſt in thee.
From Eaſt to Weſt, all ſoules ſhall humbly kneele:
That by my teaching ſhall thy mercy feele,

*FINIS.*

WHere is thy mercie which exceedes thy power,
great interceſſor for the ſinnes of man:
The one thy arme oppreſſeth euery hower,
O let the other fall as thicke as ſand.
Our ſinnes abound ſo much: thy mercie more:
Elſe ſhall I thinke thou wilt me not reſtore.

The wicked floriſh like the freſheſt Bay,
and they are counted for the happieſt men:
But I am laught at, who do dayly pray.
If *Peter* ſhould deſpaire (ſweete Lord how then)
To ſee that they which neuer thinke on thee,
Spend out their dayes in chiefe proſperitie.

But

But Lord I do foreſee the end of thoſe,
thou wilt be deafe when they ſhall call to thee:
I ſhall be heard before mine eyes do cloſe,
O gracious God, that is enough for mee.
But they when as thy helpe ſhall moſt require,
Shall dye with blindnes of their ill deſire.

Their heauen is earth, my earth is onely hell:
their ioy is riches, mine thy ſauing health:
That which all ioy and gladneſſe doth excell,
the bodyes treaſure, and the ſoules rich wealth:
O let me once poſſeſſe that ioyfull place,
And ſeperate me from their ſinfull race.

Here is nothing but the deadly ſinnes of ſhame,
that like a Serpent ſpitteth venome foorth.
They which comes neare them, haue the like defame,
So are thy choſen helde like them in worth.
Wipe Lord this wicked ſlaunder from thine owne,
And haſte vs quickly to thy heauenly throne.

Then ſhall we looke on earthly vanities,
and loath that we did euer liue therein:
Pittie the worldes accurſt calamities,
When we are chang'd from that we once had been.
Then ſhall thy Seruant *Peter* weepe no more,
Becauſe of heauenly things he taſtes ſuch ſtore,

*FINIS.*

# S. Peters Teares.

WHat comfort doth my ſoule begin to feele?
Euen like a wanderer in the wilderneſſe,
That findes no way his paſſage to reueale,
when as his ſoule doth taſte ſuch bitterneſſe.
That downe he ſits amongſt the ſauadge Beares,
And there bewayles his ſorrow with his teares.

But yet at laſt, conducted and led by one,
that with ſweete pittie dryes his ſprinckled cheekes,
Sayes: Peace my Sonne, leaue off thy ſadſull mone,
hee needes muſt finde, at leaſt that heedfull ſeekes.
So, taking him to guide him by the hand,
At laſt doth lead him to a bleſſed land.

Euen ſo deare Lord, hath *Peter* found the way,
where like a Doue the Holy Spirit flyes:
Where all thy Martyrs ſing both night and day,
and Angels in their Chriſtall armour lyes.
Onely by thee conducted to that place,
Where mercy ſhyneth with aboundant grace.

Who would not ſigh, and ſhed a floud of teares,
who would not mollifie his ſteeled hart:

Who

# S. Peters Teares.

Who would not from temptation ſtop his eares?
who would not from his wicked ſteps conuert?
Who would not day, night, minute, month, and howre,
Pray, to obtaine ſuch ſweetneſſe after ſowre?

Now haue I runne, and won the golden crowne,
the glorious conqueſt of my penitence.
Where by my Chriſt I haue ſuch high renowne,
that ioyfull heauen's my preheminence,
O ioy of ioyes, now (*Peter*) wype thine eyes:
Thou ſeeſt thy beeing is aboue the skies.

Where I ſhall ſee that bright illuſtrate face,
I haue ſo long time longed to behold:
O happie time, O three times bleſſed ſpace,
that euer *Peter* did his griefes vnfolde.
Now one drop more, and then my Teares are done,
For griefe hath left mee where my ioy begun.

FINIS.

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